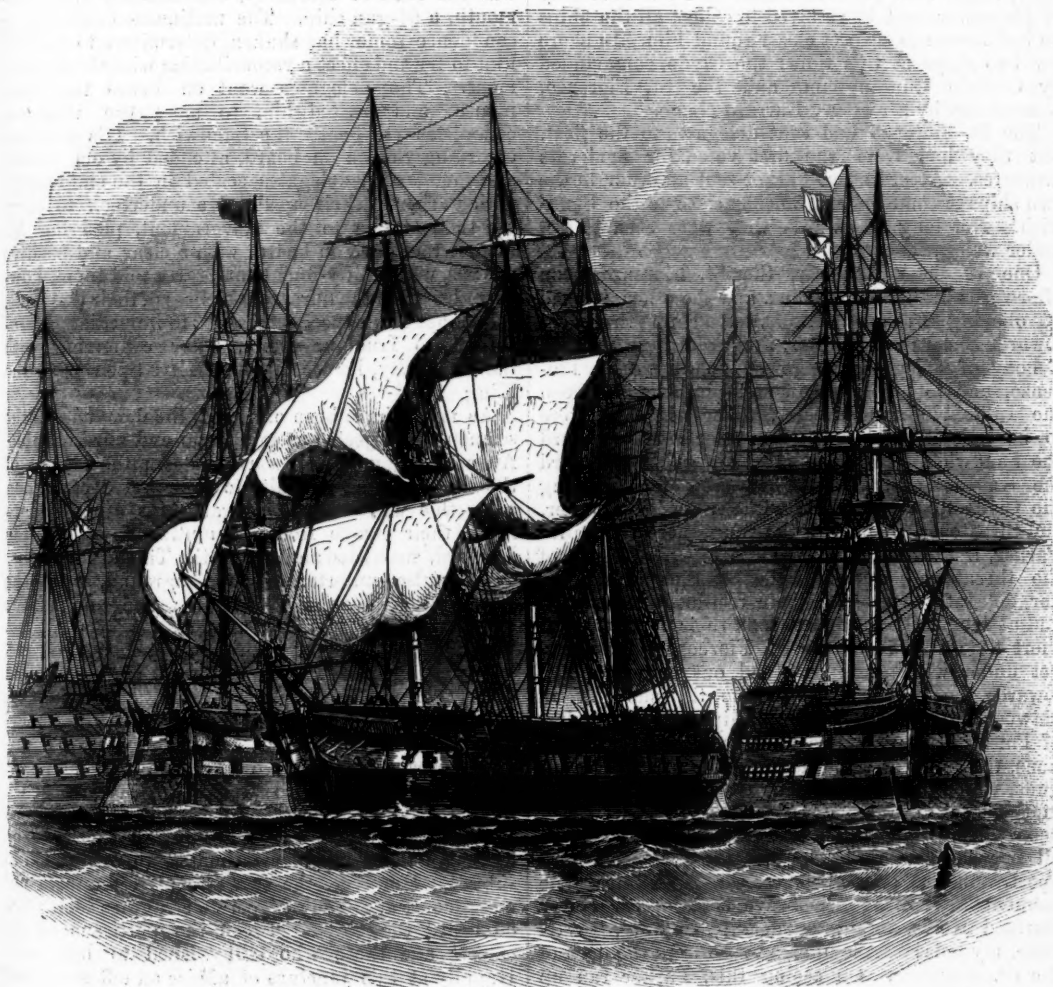


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



ESCAPE OF THE FIORENZO FROM THE MUTINEERS.

ROGER KYFFIN'S WARD.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER XX.—THE MUTINY QUELLED.

THE report of the commencement of the mutiny at Spithead had caused great alarm among the merchants in London as well as throughout the country. This second, and far more serious, outbreak at the Nore made many dread the very worst results. The courage and determination exhibited by the King and others in authority soon restored confidence, and

active measures were taken to compel the rebellious crews to submit. The shores on each side of the river were lined with batteries, the forts at Tilbury and Sheerness and Gravesend, were furnished with furnaces for red-hot shot. The buoys at the Nore and along the coast were taken up, so that the ships would have had considerable difficulty in getting away. Many, indeed, would probably have been stranded in the attempt.

Off Woolwich lay the Neptune, a 98-gun ship, which was manned by volunteers raised by the sub-

scriptions of the merchants of London. A little lower down was the Lancaster, 64, whose crew had returned to their duty; as also the Agincourt, with several gunboats. A number of merchant vessels were also fitted up as gunboats, and manned by volunteer crews. These were placed under the command of Sir Erasmus Gower, as Commodore, and ordered to drop down the river, and to proceed forthwith to attack the rebels.

We must now return on board the Sandwich. Parker, who had assumed the title of Admiral, was still implicitly obeyed by the crews of most of the ships. Notice was brought to him, however, that a few were showing signs of disaffection. This, possibly, might have made him tremble for the stability of his power, and he resolved to collect all the ships he had reason to suspect closer round him. In shore lay two ships at this time: the Clyde, commanded by Captain Cunningham, and the St. Fiorenzo, commanded by Sir Harry Burrard Neale.

The St. Fiorenzo had sent delegates to the fleet, but they had from the first voted for moderate measures. Accordingly, Parker sent an order to the two ships to come in and anchor close to the Sandwich. Not long afterwards they were seen to get under weigh.

One of them, however, the St. Fiorenzo, soon afterwards brought up again; and the other, instead of obeying Parker's orders, stood up the river towards Sheerness. Parker, in a great rage, ordered a body of delegates to go on board the St. Fiorenzo, and to bring her in and place her between the Inflexible and Director, when her sails were to be unbent, and her gunpowder sent on board the Sandwich. The delegates, on going on board the St. Fiorenzo, abused her crew for allowing the Clyde to escape them without firing into her, and threatened them with the vengeance of Admiral Parker, if they did not obey his orders. In spite of the threatening aspect of the St. Fiorenzo's crew, her delegates expressed their readiness to comply, and at length the mutineers took their departure. A short time afterwards the St. Fiorenzo was seen to get under weigh, and to stand out under all sail towards the fleet. On she came till she got in between the two line-of-battle ships. By the orders of Parker, who seems to have suspected her intentions, the crews of the different ships stood at their guns, which were double-shotted, with the lanyards in their hands, ready to sink her. Her crew had been made aware of this by the delegates. Suddenly all her sheets were let fly, her helm was put hard aport, and she shot ahead of the Inflexible. The moment afterwards her brave captain, Sir Harry Burrard Neale, sprang on deck, crying out, "Well done, my lads!" A loud shout rose from the deck of the St. Fiorenzo. On seeing this, Parker ran up the signal to fire, the Sandwich herself setting the example; and immediately the whole fleet of thirty-two sail began blazing away at the St. Fiorenzo. The shot fell as thick as hail round her. Still she stood on, though of course without returning the fire. There was a strong breeze, and she was a fast ship. Though so many guns were firing at her, and she was frequently hulled, not a rope was shot away, nor was a single man killed or even hurt.

On she stood, and not till she had got to some distance did Parker think of ordering any ship to pursue her. He walked the deck for some minutes in a state of agitation. He was afraid of getting

under weigh himself, lest during his absence other ships might desert. He possibly thought it very likely that if he ordered any other ship to pursue, her crew might refuse to return. The seamen formed their own opinions on this transaction, and came to the conclusion that there was not that unanimity in the counsels of their leaders which they boasted of possessing. Even now they desired to evince their loyalty, and on the 4th of June, which was his Majesty's birthday, the whole fleet fired a royal salute, and dressed the ships with flags as usual. The red flag was, however, kept flying at the main-topmast head of the Sandwich.

One of the captains most beloved by the seamen was the Earl of Northesk, commanding the Monmouth, a 64-gun ship. The mutineers having their confidence somewhat shaken, determined to request him to try and effect a reconciliation with the Government. The delegates went on board the Monmouth, and invited him to meet the mutineer committee on board the Sandwich. His lordship accordingly came on board, attended by one officer, and found sixty delegates seated in the state cabin, with Parker at their head. He undertook to carry up their terms to the Government, pledging his honour to return on board, with a clear and positive answer, within fifty-four hours. He told them, however, that from the unreasonableness of their demands, they must not expect success. He immediately proceeded to London, where, after conferring with the Admiralty, he accompanied Earl Spencer to the King.

As might have been expected, the demands of the seamen were rejected as exorbitant and unreasonable. An officer immediately carried down the refusal of the Lords of the Admiralty to the rebel fleet. Soon after this was known, several ships attempted to make their escape from the mutineers. One, the Leopard, succeeded and got up the Thames. Another the Repulse, unfortunately ran aground, when she was fired on by the Monmouth; and one of the officers lost his leg, and a seaman was wounded. The Ardent, the third ship, effected her escape, but passing the Monmouth was fired at, and several of her crew were killed and wounded. Confusion and discord now pervaded the rebel councils. On the 10th of June, many other mutinous ships struck the red flag, and the merchant vessels were allowed to proceed up the river. On the 12th, most of the other ships also hauled down the rebel flag, only seven keeping it flying. The next day the remainder intimated an inclination to submit. However, the crews in all cases were not unanimous, and many desperate struggles took place on board the ships between the partisans of the officers and those who still wished to hold out. Happily at this juncture of affairs an officer arrived on board the Sandwich, with the King's proclamations and Acts of Parliament, of which it appeared that Parker had kept the crews ignorant.

The deception which had been practised on the men by the delegates so enraged them, that the crew of the Sandwich carried the ship under the guns of the fort of Sheerness. As soon as she anchored, a boat with a guard of soldiers came off, and making their way on deck, ordered Parker to deliver himself up. As they appeared, one of the delegates belonging to the Standard, who was on board, pointing a pistol at his own head, shot himself dead. Parker, as soon as he heard that a boat

had come off, placed himself under the protection of four of the ship's crew, the rest of the seamen threatening forthwith to hang him. He with about thirty more delegates were immediately handed over to the soldiers, and they were landed amidst the hisses of the surrounding multitude, and committed to the prison in the garrison of Sheerness. The first batch of mutineers having been so easily captured, the rest of the ringleaders, and all others in any way implicated in the mutiny on board the various ships, were immediately placed under arrest. In the list of the unhappy men to be tried for their lives was the name of Andrew Brown.

Poor Harry! he felt grievously his position. He had protested against the proceedings of the mutineers, but how could he prove this? He could not deny that he had written out a number of documents issued by Parker, and the excuse that he had done so under compulsion was too commonly made by others to allow him to have much hope of its being believed in his case. Up the Thames was the prison ship. Here Harry, with a number of mutineers, was conveyed. Many of his companions were desperate characters, who seemed only to dread the punishment they might receive. He felt that unless he could be proved innocent, death was the only alternative he could desire. Yet it was hard to die. He had looked forward to a life of happiness with one to whom his undivided heart was given; one well worthy of the affections of the best of men. His honour was gone. His name, if it was known, would be blasted, and he must die the death of the worst of criminals. One gleam of hope alone remained. As he was led off by the soldiers sent to apprehend the mutineers, Jacob Tuttle had shaken his hand, and though he did not speak, had given him a significant look which had evidently been intended to keep up his spirits. Happily Tuttle had taken no part in the mutiny, and had been among the first to urge his shipmates to return to their duty. Still how could an illiterate seaman, unable even to write, be able to help him?

The trial of Richard Parker very soon after this took place on board the Neptune, of 98 guns, off Greenhithe, a few days having been allowed him to prepare for his defence. No trial could have been more fair or just. Parker defended himself with considerable ability. Nothing, however, could be stronger than the evidence brought to prove that he was one of the chief instigators of the mutiny, and that he had acted as the chief of the mutineers. The court accordingly adjudged him to death. Parker heard his sentence with a degree of fortitude and composure which excited the astonishment of all present. He submitted, he said, still asserting the rectitude of his intention.

"Whatever offences may have been committed," he added, "I hope my life will be the only sacrifice. Pardon, I beseech you, the other men. I know that they will return with alacrity to their duty."

On the 29th of June, Parker was conveyed on board the Sandwich, the ship on board which he had acted so prominent a part. On being conducted to the quarter-deck, the chaplain informed him that he had selected two psalms appropriate to his situation. Parker assenting, said, "And with your permission, sir, I will add a third," and named Psalm xxxi. Prayers being ended, he arose from his knees and asked the captain if he might be indulged with a glass of white wine. On its being presented to him,

he exclaimed, lifting up his eyes, "I drink, first, to the salvation of my soul; and next, to the forgiveness of all my enemies." He then begged that Captain Moss would shake hands with him. This the captain did. He then desired that he might be remembered to his companions on board the Neptune, with his last dying entreaty to them to prepare for their destiny and to refrain from unbecoming levity. On being led to the scaffold on the fore-castle, he asked whether he might be allowed to speak.

"I am not going to address the ship's company," he added; "I only wish to acknowledge the justice of the sentence under which I suffer, and to pray that my death may be considered a sufficient atonement for the lives of others."

Turning round, he then asked if any person would lend him a white handkerchief. This, after a little delay, was handed to him. He then begged that a minute might be allowed him to recollect himself, when he kneeled down about that space of time. Then rising up, he said, with considerable dignity, and perfect coolness, "I am ready," and firmly walked to the extremity of the scaffold. For an instant he stood there, full of life and strength, with a head to plan, and nerve to carry out his objects. He dropped his handkerchief, the gun was fired, and he was run up to the yard-arm. A struggle, and he was dead.

For more than a month the court-martial continued sitting and trying the other mutineers. A considerable number received sentence of death; among them was Andrew Brown. Several were ordered to be flogged from ship to ship, and others were confined in the Marshalsea prison for certain periods.

Parker's was the first death, but many of the other ringleaders were directly afterwards executed at the yard-arms of their respective ships. The prisoners were tried in succession, and the sentence was forthwith carried out on those who were condemned to death. Harry fully expected ere long to be called forth to undergo his sentence, and he came to the resolution of not attempting any effort to escape his doom.

CHAPTER XXI.—MABEL'S RESOLVE.

MABEL and her aunt had taken up their residence for some time at the small bow-windowed house in the upper part of the town of Lynderton. It had been described as a very genteel residence for a spinster lady. To say that it had neat wooden railings before it, and steps leading up to the front door, kept scrupulously clean, will be sufficient to give an idea of Mabel's new abode. The style of life the two ladies led was very different to what they had been accustomed to. Mary remained as general servant, while the cook, who had grown fat and aged at Stanmore, entreated that she might accompany her old mistress. Paul Gauntlett declared that the day he should be separated from them would be his last. So he also was allowed to take up his abode in the bow-windowed house, though his accommodation was limited in the extreme. All he wanted was house-room. Wages he would not receive, and he had been too long accustomed to forage for himself to require being fed. It cannot be said that the family were reduced to complete poverty, still their means were very scanty. Mabel had literally nothing, but an annuity had been secured to Madam Everard on the Stanmore estates, which Mr. Sleech could not touch, though he did his best to make it as small as possible

by putting her to considerable expense before she could obtain it.

Strange to say, when Mabel heard that her father and Harry were still alive, her regret for her loss of property was greater than it had been previously. She had formed all sorts of plans for her future career. As long as her aunt lived, she would attend to her. When she was called away she would go out and teach, or enter some family as a governess. Now, however, the case was altered. Her father would never consent to her doing that, while she could no longer hope, as she had hoped, to become the well-dowered wife of Harry Tryon. She loved him—that she knew. Would he continue to love her? She had no doubt about that, but would he have the power of giving her a home? Would he be able to return to the position he had abandoned in Mr. Coppinger's counting-house, and, with the assistance of his guardian, labour till he had gained an independence? She thought Harry would be capable of anything. Her father would, at all events, be ready to help him by every means in his power. He surely could refuse nothing to the man who had saved his life so bravely at the risk of his own. Her father had always been looked upon as a man of great influence. It did not occur to her that this arose from his being supposed to be the heir of Stanmore—the owner of the borough, who could return two members at his will. Poor girl! Captain Everard as he had been, and Captain Everard, though a very good officer, without a vote in Parliament, and with his pay only to support him, were very different persons.

The Everards had always been Tories. Mr. Sleech supported the opposite party, and was now giving all his influence to the Whig interest.

The people in the neighbourhood, however, called very frequently at Madam Everard's door to inquire after her. Among the few admitted was the Baron de Ruvigny. Each time he came he talked more and more of the Coppingers, and Mabel could not help discovering that he was completely captivated by the charms of Sybella Coppinger. He brought also all the news of the day. From Paul Gauntlett, however, who read the paper through, they learned chiefly the progress of the mutiny.

Mabel at length became very anxious about Harry. She did not know in what ship he was serving, and though she felt sure that he would not join the mutineers, she could not help dreading that he might be placed in danger in consequence of what was occurring. Her anxiety was increased by not hearing from him as she had expected. She was certain that he had not forgotten her. Her confidence, indeed, in his faith and love remained unshaken. At last Mary received a letter in an unknown hand. It was very unlike the one which Harry had written at Tuttle's dictation, but this also professed to be from Jacob. It was short, for the writer was evidently not much accustomed to the use of the pen. It ran thus: "Dear Mary,—This comes to tell you that we're in a mess. Some of our fellows have been holding out against the Government, and have got nothing for their pains. We have had a number of delegates going about from ship to ship, and they have been and got some of themselves hung, and not a few flogged round the fleet. Sarves them right, say I. I should not mind it, if it was not for a shipmate, you knows who, who has been put in limbo. His name aboard is Andrew Brown, but your young lady knows him, and knows that that is

not his name. Worser still, he's going to be hung. If I could get liberty I'd go and see you and tell you all. It's a sad thing, and I would give my eyes to save the young chap.—Yours to command, Jacob Tuttle—his cross X."

Mary, who had not deciphered the letter very clearly, brought it to her mistress. As Mabel finished it, the paper fell from her hands. A deadly pallor overspread her countenance, and she fell back fainting into the arms of her attendant. Happily, Paul at that moment came into the sitting-room, and assisted the damsel in placing her mistress on a sofa. While Mary ran to get restoratives, and to call Madam Everard, his eye fell on the paper. Seeing the rough style of handwriting, he thought that he might with propriety read it over.

"That's it," he said to himself; "it's that young gentleman, he's gone and done something desperate. We must get him out of the scrape, or it will be the death of Miss Mabel."

Mabel quickly returned to consciousness and found Paul and Mary standing near her. Madam Everard had gone out.

"I know all about it, Miss Mabel," said Paul, "and I want to help you."

"Do you think this can allude to Harry?" she asked; "I mean Mr. Tryon."

"Too likely," said Paul; "I won't deny it, because it's clear to my mind that something must be done to save him. Cheer up, Miss Mabel. We will do it if it can be done. There's that old gentleman who takes an interest in Master Harry—his guardian, you call him. I would go to him. He would be the best man to say what can be done, and I am sure he would do it."

"Oh! that he would, for I am confident that Harry is innocent. He never would have done anything worthy of death. I will go up to the Admiralty and plead for him; I will tell them who he is. They would never allow him to be executed; or if they will not listen to me, I will go to the King himself. I will plead with his Majesty; he will surely have power to save him."

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

INCIDENTAL NOTES AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

XVI.—CIVIC LIFE.—NOTABLE LORD MAYORS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

MIDDLE age yields me many pleasurable recollections of civic festivities, from the outdoor splendour, the golden glisten of the Lord Mayor's show, to the inauguration dinner in the Guildhall; and occasional visits to the halls of the Fishmongers', Grocers', and other companies. Professional duties brought me into communication with in-coming Lord Mayors, so that I heard much of their personal histories, and the details of the office, and remember having given more than a day even to the inspection of the City state-coach, and the deciphering of its allegorical and heraldic devices. My present object is to sketch the characteristics of such of the Lord Mayors of the present century as have rendered their year of office noteworthy. Though these details are of necessity brief, they are in great measure the result of personal knowledge and acquaintance, and are narrated in chronological sequence.

1800. Sir William Staines, Lord Mayor, rose from the condition of a journeyman mason to opulence. He rebuilt the church of St. Alphage, London Wall, for £1,350; he repaired Wren's steeple of St. Bride's Church, after its damage by lightning in 1764, but he mutilated this fine spire eight feet; his repair and towering of Wren's masterpiece of Bow Church was a more successful work. There is a monument to his memory in Cripplegate Church, by Manning: it has a fine bust of him, in his mayoralty robes. There is also a good portrait of Sir William Staines in the "European Magazine." He was of extraordinary bulk, and few occupants have more literally filled the civic chair or the City state-coach. In Jacob's Well Passage, in 1786, he built nine houses for the reception of his aged and indigent friends. They are erected without anything to distinguish them from other dwelling-houses, and without ostentatious display of stone or other inscriptions to denote the poverty of the inhabitants. The early tenants were aged workmen, tradesmen, etc., several of whom Staines had previously esteemed as his neighbours. One, a peruke-maker, had shaved the worthy alderman during forty years. Staines also built Barbican Chapel, and rebuilt the "Jacob's Well Tavern," noted for its dramatic recitations. The alderman was an illiterate but kind-hearted man, and was a sort of butt among his brethren. At one of the Old Bailey dinners, after a sumptuous repast of turtle and venison, Sir William was buttering plentifully his cheese. "Why, brother," said Wilkes, "you lay it on with a trowel." A son of Sir William Staines, who worked at his father's business, fell from a lofty ladder and was killed, when the father, on being fetched to the spot, broke through the crowd, exclaiming, "See that the poor fellow's watch is safe." Staines succeeded Combe in the mayoralty chair. They were both smokers, and were seen one night at the Mansion House lighting their pipes at the same taper, reminding one of the Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nose-gay.

1805. Sir James Shaw, Bart., was born in the humblest circumstances, though he was descended from an ancient family, settled in Ayrshire upwards of three hundred years. He was educated at the grammar-school of his native town, Kilmarnock, whence he came to London to seek his fortune, and having by thrift and integrity amassed wealth, he served as Lord Mayor. During his mayoralty he entertained the Prince of Wales and six other sons of George III, with a long train of nobility, at a civic feast in the Mansion House. Sir James sat in three parliaments for the City, and was subsequently elected Chamberlain. He resigned this office in 1843, and his lamented death took place in the same year. Sir James Shaw was "an unostentatiously charitable man, the unboasting patron and encourager of industrious poor men, and the philanthropic gentleman, who did good from a love of virtue; who succoured and cherished the indigent, because he remembered his own unpromising infancy; and when no man moved to lend a helping hand to the children of Scotland's most gifted poor man, Robert Burns, Sir James Shaw came forward in the hour of their helplessness as their generous patron, wise adviser, and kind protector." In testimony of these estimable qualities, a marble statue of Sir James Shaw was erected by public subscription at Kilmarnock in 1848. The figure is of colossal size—eight feet in height; Fillans sculptor; Sir James wears his mayoralty robes

1807. Alderman Ansley was chiefly famous for his conviviality. He used to relate that during his mayoralty a gigantic pike was taken on his estate in Huntingdonshire, and straightway forwarded to the Mansion House. A party was invited to partake of the fish; but the plate-room could not furnish a dish long enough to contain it. However, after much search, there was found among the plate of one of the City companies' halls a long silver dish to hold the pike, the bringing in of which, borne by two state footmen, and setting the same upon the table, before the Lord Mayor and his guests, was attended with much pomp and circumstance.

1808. Alderman Sir Charles Flower, Lord Mayor, created a baronet in the jubilee year of George III, is said to have risen from a humble position.

1811. Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, Bart., Lord Mayor, Captain of the Royal London Militia, and remembered by the prominent part he took in a delicate matter in the year 1830, when Sir Claudius being appointed to invite King William IV to the inauguration dinner at Guildhall, the invitation was declined by the King, and the show and dinner omitted, from apprehension of riot and outrage. The following amusing version of the result appeared in the "Times" of Monday, November 15th, 1830:—

"Much having been said respecting the explanation given by Sir Claudius Hunter, that it was not concise, intelligible, and satisfactory, we submit to the public whether the following report, which we made specially, is not sufficient to satisfy the most impatient and irritated alderman who had ever been ousted out of his turtle:

"I went to the secretary of state and after seating myself I asked if Lady Peel was as well as usual and stated that I wanted a white charger he said that he did not know what to do with the Duke of Wellington and I said there were two hundred and fifty tureens of turtle and he said we must have them military in the city and I said we should have sprats as usual on Lord Mayor's day he shook his head like Lord Crowder and I said I should like to exercise on the white charger before Tuesday he said that the lamps would be put out and I said that I had borrowed a splendid saddle from Sir Peter Laurie's and he said he had many of Swing's letters and I said that there would be a rejoicing and he said Sir I shall wait and you know it and I said I did not think I should be thrown and he said he would consult the Cabinet and I said good morning Sir Robert."

1814. Sir William Domville, Bart., during whose mayoralty, on June 18, were entertained at dinner in the Guildhall the Prince Regent and his royal visitors, whose procession thither was ill received, owing to the Prince Regent's disagreement with his wife. I stood in Bow Churchyard, Cheapside, and heard the yells and fierceness of the spectators in the houses and the street with dismay. The Guildhall was superbly fitted up for the banquet; the state table was sumptuously set out with gold plate; and two sideboards were loaded with massive services of plate. Under a canopy sat the Prince Regent, with the Emperor of Russia on his right-hand, the King of Prussia on his left, with the Dukes of York, Kent, Cambridge, and Gloucester, and the foreign princes and dukes right and left. The dinner was served wholly on plate, the value of which was estimated at £200,000. A large baron of beef, with the royal standard, was placed on a stage at the upper end of the hall, attended by the serjeant carvers, etc. The entire expense of this entertainment by the Corporation of London approached £25,000, a preposterous

sum to those unacquainted with civic profusion half a century ago. Previous to the banquet the Prince Regent conferred the dignity of a baronet on the Lord Mayor. It is worthy of note that on the first anniversary of this day, June 18, was fought the Battle of Waterloo. On the 9th of July, 1814, another splendid banquet was given by the City, in their hall, to the Duke of Wellington, several of the royal dukes, state ministers, and nobility, foreign ambassadors, and a host of military and naval heroes who had so gloriously maintained the superiority of English arms during the revolutionary war with France. The crowning victory was soon to come.

1815. Samuel Birch, of the cook and confectioner's shop, No. 15, Cornhill, established in the reign of George I by a Mr. Horton, who was succeeded by Mr. Lucas Birch, who in his turn was succeeded by his son, Mr. Samuel Birch, born in 1757. He received a liberal education, and at an early age wrote poetry of considerable merit. He was many years a member of the Common Council, and was elected Alderman of the Ward of Candlewick. He was also Colonel of the City Militia, and served as Lord Mayor in 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo. In his mayoralty he laid the first stone of the London Institution; and he wrote the inscription for Chantrey's statue of George III in the Council Chamber, Guildhall. The alderman used annually to send, as a present, a Twelfth cake to the Mansion House. He excelled in his art; and his *cuisine* was unrivalled in the City. Dr. Kitchiner extolled his soups in print; and the Mansion House banquets and Court dinners of the Companies attested the alderman's practical skill in his business. The upper portion of the house in Cornhill has been rebuilt, but the ground-floor remains intact—a curious specimen of the decorated shop-front of the last century; and here are preserved two doorplates, inscribed "Birch, Successor to Mr. Horton," which are more than 140 years old. Alderman Birch was fifty-eight years a member of the Corporation; he was an accomplished musician; his daughter was married to Mr. A. Chatto, the well-known *littérateur*.

1815–1816. Sir Matthew Wood, Bart., the most popular Lord Mayor of the present century, served two successive years. He was a native of Tiverton, the eldest of a numerous family. He began life as a druggist's traveller, and afterwards settling in the same business in Falcon Square, Cripplegate, he was soon elected by that ward as a Common Councilman, and next became deputy to the alderman Sir William Staines, whom he succeeded in 1808. He served as Lord Mayor in 1815, and next year was re-elected. He represented the City in nine parliaments. He gained almost unprecedented popularity as the adviser of the ill-fated Queen Caroline, whom he met at St. Omer, and accompanied to England, and in her carriage into London, where she took up her residence at the alderman's house, No. 77, South Audley Street. During the arduous conflict which ensued between the Court and the Ministry, and the Queen and the people, Alderman Wood was the faithful and active adherent of her Majesty, and was honoured by her confidence and personal favour. Her premature death deprived him of a grateful friend; but in attending her remains to Brunswick, he proved the sincerity of his attachment to the last. The alderman's patriotic feelings were next shown in an event of considerable interest and importance.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent were sojourning on the Continent; and the Duchess having in due time become pregnant, it was deemed proper that a child which might become the sovereign of Great Britain should be born in England. Alderman Wood, therefore, strove to induce the Duke's trustees to advance sufficient funds to enable the Duke and Duchess to return to this country, but without success; upon which the alderman himself advanced the requisite funds to a large amount, and which money was not repaid for a considerable time. To Alderman Wood her Majesty is indebted for the gratification of being *de facto* as well as *de jure* an English woman. This weighty obligation she gracefully acknowledged by raising the alderman to the rank of a baronet, December 16, 1837. The alderman also had, in recognition of his loyalty to Queen Caroline, as well as of his general political conduct, a princely legacy bequeathed to him by the wealthy banker of Gloucester of the same name. Alderman Wood was a man of great courage, which, in association with Sir James Shaw, he evinced at a seditious meeting in 1816. "On the 2nd of December last," says Sir James, "I saw the mob first in Cornhill; the Lord Mayor and I went in pursuit of them. They crossed in front of the Royal Exchange; we rushed through the Royal Exchange to take them in front on the other side. *The Lord Mayor and I*, having received information of prior occurrences, determined on putting them down. I seized several of them, and one flag of three colours, extended on a very long pole. I did not perceive any arms. . . . The Lord Mayor and I went to meet the mob with Mr. White and two constables; we got five constables in all; the whole party consisted of eight." Such is the way in which the beginnings of seditions ought to be met. To show how completely the heart-burnings of those who took an active part in the fate of Queen Caroline were forgotten, it may be sufficient to mention that, within a few years, her Majesty's advocate, Mr. Serjeant Denman, became Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; Mr. Brougham, Lord Chancellor; Alderman Wood was created a baronet, and his second son has become Lord Chancellor Hatherley.

1821. John Thomas Thorp, as Lord Mayor, served as Butler at the coronation feast of George IV: "Dinner being concluded, the Lord Mayor and twelve principal citizens of London, as assistants to the Chief Butler of England (the Duke of Norfolk), accompanied by the King's Cup-bearer and assistants, presented to his Majesty wine in a gold cup; and the King, having drunk thereof, returned the gold cup to the Lord Mayor as his fee."

1822. Christopher Magnay, Lord Mayor. He was a wholesale stationer, of tall stature, and the small wits of the day dubbed him "Magna Charta." In 1844, his son William, the second of a family of seventeen children, also served as Mayor, and received a baronetcy at the inauguration of the new Royal Exchange by Queen Victoria. This circumstance of father and son becoming aldermen of the same ward, and filling the mayoralty chair, has, I believe, few parallels in civic history.

1823. Robert Waithman, Lord Mayor in this year, was, indeed, the "architect of his own fortune." He was born near Wrexham, North Wales, in 1764, of parents of upright character, but in humble life. He was adopted by an uncle, a respectable linen-draper in Bath, and sent to the school of one Moore, an ingenious man, the practice of whose plan of

education led all his pupils to acquire the habit of public and extemporaneous speaking. After the death of his uncle he came to London and lived with a linendraper until he became of age, when he married and opened a shop at the south end of Fleet Market. He was next enabled to remove to more extensive premises at the corner of Bridge Street and Fleet Street, where he always maintained the high character of a London citizen and tradesman. He retired from business about 1823. Waithman appears to have commenced his political career in 1792, when, at that "cauldron of sedition," Founders' Hall, Lothbury, he made his first political speech, but, with his fellow-orators, was routed by the constables sent by the Lord Mayor, Sir James Sanderson, to disperse the meeting: at this *coup d'état* he used to laugh heartily when other politics were in the ascendant, and he had become enthroned at the Mansion House as Lord Mayor. He was next elected into the Common Council, where his speeches, and the resolutions, petitions, and addresses which he moved and carried, would fill a large volume. He was an intrepid, upright man, but had been sparsely educated, and many of his resolutions on the war with France, by which he gained political notoriety, were written for him by his friend and neighbour Sir Richard Phillips. Waithman next became alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Without, the most considerable in the City. He next served as sheriff, and in 1821, in endeavouring to quell a tumult at Knightsbridge, was grossly outraged by some soldiers, one of whom loaded his carbine and directed it towards the sheriff, but was knocked down by one of the constables. I witnessed the greater part of this riot from the Knightsbridge road, and well remember the resolution and courage which the sheriff displayed when the bridle of his horse was seized by the soldiery, and an attempt made to unhorse him; but he extricated himself by making the steed plunge. This was a sad scene for a Sunday afternoon. The sheriff had previously attended the funeral of Queen Caroline, when a bullet was fired through the window of his carriage in the procession through Hyde Park. Waithman addressed a letter of remonstrance to Earl Bathurst, who ignored the sheriff's services; this treatment rankled in the City, where, however, further inquiry was stifled. After the three trials of William Hone, in 1818, Alderman Waithman presided at a meeting at which upwards of £3,000 were subscribed for Mr. Hone. In 1822 the alderman obtained a verdict of £500 against the proprietors of a weekly newspaper for a libel. This was one of the gross attempts made to defame his character just previous to his succession to the mayoralty. But years of political strife wear away frames of iron, and the alderman did not escape "the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent." He had, moreover, a troublesome neighbour or two, who worried him exceedingly. His political ardour cooled down, and he was defeated in a contest for the Chamberlainship with Sir James Shaw and the Tory interest. The alderman sat in five parliaments for the City, and was again returned in 1833, but ill-health prevented him taking his seat, and he died in February in that year. Waithman owed nothing to Court or City patronage; but, amidst the turmoil of a political life, he accumulated a respectable fortune; he became an active politician within ten years after he had established himself in business. The memorial tablet placed in the

porch of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, justly characterises him as "the friend of liberty in evil times, and of parliamentary reform in its adverse days; it was at length his happiness to see that great cause triumphant of which he had been the intrepid advocate from youth to age." Among his public services must not be forgotten his exposition of the abuses in the disposal of the funds of Christ's Hospital. He laboured in this way from 1810 to 1816, when he found not one commoner or alderman to stand by his side and support him.* As a public testimonial, a few months after the alderman's death, a granite obelisk, designed by James Elmes, was placed at the south end of Farringdon Street, a few yards from the spot whereon Robert Waithman first commenced business. On it are sculptured the alderman's arms and the City arms, but the inscription is short and simple: "Erected to the memory of Robert Waithman, by his Friends and Fellow Citizens 1833." In early life Waithman showed considerable genius for acting, and I once heard him relate that his success in the character of Macbeth led his friends to press upon him the stage as his profession; but he chose another sphere. He was uncle to John Reeve, the clever comic actor. Waithman, in 1794, at a common hall, submitted a series of resolutions upon the war with France, and enforcing the necessity of a reform in parliament, which resolutions were triumphantly carried, and laid the foundation of his popularity. When he was Lord Mayor, a man was brought before him at the Mansion House on a charge of vagrancy in the streets. "What countryman are you?" inquired the Lord Mayor. "An Irishman, please your honour." His lordship asked, "Were you ever at sea?" "Come, your honour," answered Paddy; "d'ye think I crossed from Dublin in a wheelbarrow?"

1825. The mayoralty of Alderman Garratt was distinguished by his laying the first stone of the present London Bridge, which was a ceremony of much state and splendour, in a coffer-dam, constructed nearly forty-five feet below high-water mark, consisting of a floor and three galleries, to contain 2,000 persons, the dam being exhausted of water by a steam-engine, with a covered entrance from old London Bridge. The stone, of granite, weighing four tons, was laid, with Masonic ceremonies, by the Lord Mayor, in the presence of the Duke of York and nearly 2,000 spectators. In the evening the Monument was superbly illuminated with portable gas at each of the loopholes of the column, to give the idea of its being wreathed with flame. The Lord Mayor gave a sumptuous banquet at the Mansion House; and a gold medallion of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and a silver medal, were struck on the occasion. The whole is admirably described in Thompson's "Chronicles of London Bridge," 1827, now become a scarce book.

1826. Alderman Venables, Lord Mayor, as the head of the Conservancy of the Thames, made the western view of the Thames in his state barge and shallop. An account of this festive ceremony was written by the Chaplain to the Mayoralty, the Rev. Mr. Dillon, and published in a volume of some 160 pages, which soon after was "bought up" and suppressed. The book is a piece of simplicity, not sly quizzing,

* As testimonies to the original design of the foundation of Christ's Hospital, a statue of a Bluecoat boy in each of the four corners of the cloisters had, within the recollection of several persons living, the following painted underneath: "This is Christ's Hospital, where poor Bluecoat boys are harboured and educated."

as suspected. It was nicknamed "Lord Wenables's Woyage to Discover the Source of the Thames." It is now a high-priced bibliographical curiosity. In the sale of Mr. Adolphus's library this book brought the large sum of £8! but I have seen a copy priced at 12s. The cost of this "View of the Thames" from Oxford to Kew was £680.

1827. Alderman Lucas, at whose inauguration dinner in the Guildhall the Duke of Clarence was present, and narrowly escaped injury from the fall of a large device of illumination lamps from the east window of the hall.

1828. Alderman William Thompson, Lord Mayor. In 1831 he was, for the second time, elected Mayor, but declined to accept the honour. He was the son of Mr. James Thompson, of Gray Rigg, near Kendal, where his family had been located for four generations. His uncle William left him a fortune, with the extensive ironworks of Pen-y-darren and Aberdare, in Glamorganshire, and the Tredegar Ironworks in Monmouthshire. He finally became one of the wealthiest ironmasters in the kingdom. In 1817 he married Amelia, niece to Sir Charles Morgan, of Tredegar. His only child, Amelia, was married in 1842 to Thomas Earl of Bective, son of the Marquis of Headfort. Lady Bective died in 1864, leaving one son (Lord Kenlin) and five daughters. Alderman Thompson sat in parliament for Callington and Sunderland, and the county of Westmoreland. He contested the City of London in 1826, and was returned at the head of the poll. In 1830 and 1831 he was again returned without opposition. In 1854 Alderman Thompson purchased the Barnacre Estate of the Duke of Hamilton for £98,000.—*B. B. Orridge, "Citizens of London and their Rulers."*

1829. John Crowder, of Warwick Square, who rose from humble life to be alderman of the ward (Farringdon Within) and Lord Mayor. He was part proprietor of the "Public Ledger" and "London Packet" newspaper. In the former, Oliver Goldsmith wrote his "Citizen of the World," at two guineas a week.

Here, for this chapter, space obliges me to suspend my chronicle.

HELIGOLAND.

THE little island of Heligoland, known but in name to the majority of Englishmen, has figured prominently in sensational leaders since the close of the late war. The Germans, we have been told, are agitating the question of annexation. Some patriotic meeting has perhaps effervesced into three or four students walking home arm in arm, singing—

"Roth is de Kant,
Witt is dat Sand,
Das ist das deutsche Helgoland!"

Speculation has immediately been busy over this new exhibition of German greed and the possible schemes of Prince Bismark. After two or three days the new sensation has hung fire, and been quietly dropped, with an intimation that for the present there has only been a flash in the pan, the real thing to come off on some future occasion. But the mere suggestion of such a question excites curiosity, and special correspondents have even been despatched to ascertain the value of this imperial possession.

Heligoland is a precipitous rock in the North Sea, some thirty miles off the mouth of the Elbe. What little history attaches to the place is soon told. Until the beginning of the present century it belonged to the Danes. When, in 1807, it became known to the British Government that Napoleon contemplated the invasion of England with the assistance of the Danish fleet, it was determined by a vigorous *coup-de-main* to destroy the Danish fleet then at Copenhagen, and to seize some places of military importance, amongst them Heligoland. Its seizure could only be justified on grounds of self-defence, but the island was never restored to Denmark, and by the terms of the peace of 1814 became a British possession. It has long been chiefly important as a station for pilots to the Baltic, nearly all its male inhabitants being devoted to a seafaring life.

The rock is formed of red sandstone, and is gradually decaying and diminishing in bulk from the action of the weather; at present it is only two miles and a half in circumference, and about five and a half square miles in area. On this little spot 2,300 people are congregated, a population far too large for the size of the island, but living as they do in the midst of the untold wealth of the seas, they all seem able to obtain a comfortable subsistence. There are two towns, one at the base the other at the summit of the rock, united by a wooden staircase so convenient that a cow may be driven up and down it. The houses are built so that the doors all face the south. The sea always comes up to three sides of the rock-island, but on the south-east there is



SEA-CLIFFS AT HELIGOLAND.

a sandy promontory, upon which the fishermen dry their nets and haul up their boats. This promontory, terminating in a little island, is the favourite bathing-place of the visitors to Heligoland, and here it is that the rabbits are found which have been represented as infesting the main island itself. To the north there is an excellent harbour and deep anchorage for ships.

The people are a hardy race, tall and broad-shouldered, but bony; and although they live to a great age, so soon get tanned and weather-beaten that they always look much older than they really are. The men are industrious enough while at sea,

bed-chamber. The walls are covered with squares of blue-and-white earthenware, and in the dining-room there is generally a goodly display of delf-ware. This and the great bed which stands in a recess in the wall are the pride of the house. The latter im-



THE ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND.

but claim almost complete immunity from labour when on shore. They expect the women not only to dig and plant the ground, but into the bargain to do all the shore work connected with the husbands' own calling, such as dragging the fishing tackle up the steps, and procuring fresh bait. Grain is not sown, potatoes forming the sole agricultural produce of the island. In sheltered nooks flowers will bloom in the open air, but the keen cutting winds which constantly prevail render it difficult to rear any but the hardy sorts. However, the people gratify their love of flowers by cultivating them indoors, and few windows are without a display of flower-pots.

The value of money is entirely regulated by what can be obtained for it; it affords us therefore no idea of the wealth or poverty of the Heligolander to be told that his average earnings do not exceed three pounds yearly. We can understand, however, that the influx of three or four thousand visitors during the bathing season is quite enough to make him drop fishing as a comparatively profitless employment, so that he may let his boat for pleasure trips. These visitors are mainly North Germans, who come by the steamer which plies during three months of the year between Bremerhafen, Hamburg, and Heligoland. During the spring, autumn, and winter the inhabitants have to depend upon fishing-boats for their communication with the outer world.

The women are very industrious, and keep their houses bright and clean. This is rather difficult, especially in winter time, when all the fishing tackle is brought into the little rooms, which at any time afford scanty accommodation for a family, consisting as they do of only a kitchen, a dining-room, and a

portant piece of furniture and the oaken chest are the only dowry a bride is expected to bring with her. These two articles are conveyed to the bridegroom's house in procession by a troop of young girls upon the afternoon previous to the wedding. As in all primitive societies, their nuptial and funeral ceremonies are conducted with much solemnity.

The costume of a Heligoland woman on a gala day is very picturesque. The bodice and skirts are of red baize with silk sleeves. A series of petticoats all of the same colour, each being bound with a broad yellow ribbon, form around her dress a number of golden circles, finely contrastive to the red above and the blue or violet stockings which appear below. On her head she wears a linen coif, and over that a small cap of printed cotton. On Sundays the extreme brilliance of this gay apparel is toned down by a black or brown over-dress of stuff, serge, or silk; and if she wears a bonnet, it is of a type once familiar among our Quaker friends.

The people are fond of feasting and merry-making, but, although they live well, it is mainly on fish, which they eat with mustard; and for drink they take Husum beer or tea. They are said to be great consumers of the latter beverage, drinking it in some houses as often as four or five times a day, while in most families three times is the usual average. On Sundays they indulge in a grand dish, peculiar to the island, called *Ahmbock*. It is a kind of Christmas plum-pudding, baked in a pan, and, to add to the luxury, they sometimes introduce into the compound a gull or some other sea-bird.

The Heligolanders are said to be descended from pirates. For a long period wrecking was one of

their chief means of subsistence. Prayers were sometimes offered invoking the aid of the wind and waves to drive ships on the shore; and the islanders kept an official whose duty consisted in sawing through the timbers of any vessel which seemed likely to float. The present governor has introduced great changes. The public gaming-tables, once a fruitful source of mischief, have been abolished. Between themselves as neighbours crime is now rarely heard of upon the island; theft and robbery are unknown. When the Heligolanders go out they lock their doors, but leave the key in. Their boats are hauled up on the shore with fifty things in them, but no one ever touches that which is not his own. Like most seafaring people, the islanders are very superstitious. Disputes are decided by the use of the lot, the men throwing their pilot-badges into a hat, while the women make use of their handkerchiefs, with keys or stones tied in them. One is then drawn out, and the case is given to the person to whom it belongs. Courage is often the confidence which arises from having run a certain risk many times without a fatal result. So it seems with these Heligolanders; they are the bravest of the brave as long as they are on their own element, but let them be on shore, and especially in the dark, and they will sometimes exhibit the utmost pusillanimity.

Sea-fowl are plentiful in Heligoland, the island being visited by more than three hundred different species of birds. Three, however, only breed there: the cosmopolitan sparrow, the guillemot, and the razor-auk. When spring-time comes, and the guillemots and razor-auks begin to congregate, the hubbub must be tremendous. They settle it all peacefully at last, and each species takes its own particular ledge, and proceeds faithfully to fulfil its appointed task. The rocks peopled with thousands of grave-looking birds, sitting motionless, in their little black coats and white waistcoats, afford a most singular spectacle. Even in winter these desolate shores are not entirely forsaken by the birds, for, as the cold increases,—

“From the north,
Day after day, flight after flight go forth,”

and alighting here, afford the naturalist many a curious prize.

This western coast is a terrible place for shipwrecks, exposed as it is to the gales and tides from the north-west. Happily the lighthouse is placed so high that it can be seen at a very great distance; otherwise this rocky, inhospitable shore would be the constant scene of disaster.

GHOSTS AND GHOST LORE.

X.—NICOLAI'S APPARITIONS.

THE imagination was known to play a very large part in the ghostly lore of former days; and we have seen in the story of the Chevalier de Saxe, and in the arts of necromancers, what skilful use was made of it by crafty adepts. The following narrative of Nicolai, the famous bookseller of Berlin, belongs to a somewhat different category, but has been properly characterised as one of the extreme cases of mental delusion which a man of strong judgment has ventured to report of himself:—

Individuals who pretend to have seen and heard

spirits are not to be persuaded that their apparitions were simply the creatures of their senses. You may tell them of the impositions that are frequently practised, and the fallacy which may lead us to take a spirit of our imagination by moonlight for a corpse. We are generally advised to seize the ghosts, in which case it is often found they are of a very corporeal nature. An appeal is also made to self-deception, because many persons believe they actually see and hear where nothing is either to be seen or heard. No reasonable man, I think, will ever deny the possibility of our being sometimes deceived in this manner by our fancy, if he is in any degree acquainted with the nature of its operations. Nevertheless, the lovers of the marvellous will give no credit to these objections, whenever they are disposed to consider the phantoms of imagination as realities. We cannot, therefore, sufficiently collect and authenticate such proofs as show how easily we are misled, and with what delusive facility the imagination can exhibit not only to deranged persons, but also to those who are in the perfect use of their senses, such forms as are scarcely to be distinguished from real objects.

I myself have experienced an instance of this, which not only in a psychological, but also in a medical point of view, appears to me of the utmost importance. I saw, in the full use of my senses, and (after I had got the better of the fright which at first seized me, and the disagreeable sensation which it caused) even in the greatest composure of mind, for almost two months constantly and involuntarily, a number of human and other apparitions; nay, I even heard their voices! Yet, after all, this was nothing but the consequence of nervous debility, or irritation, or some unusual state of the animal system.

In the first two months of the year 1791 I was much affected in my mind by several incidents of a very disagreeable nature, and on the 24th of February a circumstance occurred which irritated me extremely. At ten o'clock in the forenoon my wife and another person came to console me. I was in a violent perturbation of mind, owing to a series of incidents which had altogether wounded my moral feelings, and from which I saw no possibility of relief, when suddenly I observed at the distance of ten paces from me the figure of a deceased person. I pointed at it, and asked my wife whether she did not see it. She said nothing; but being much alarmed, endeavoured to compose me, and sent for the physician. The figure remained some seven or eight minutes, and at length I became a little more calm. Being extremely exhausted, I soon afterwards fell into a troubled kind of slumber, which lasted for half an hour. The vision was ascribed to the great mental agitation in which I had been, and it was supposed I should have nothing more to apprehend from that cause; but the violent affection had put my nerves into some unnatural state: from this arose further consequences, requiring a more detailed description.

In the afternoon, a little after four o'clock, the figure which I had seen in the morning again appeared. I was alone when this happened; a circumstance which, as may easily be conceived, could not be very agreeable. I went therefore to the apartment of my wife, to whom I related it. Thither also the figure pursued me. Sometimes it was present, sometimes it vanished, but it was always the

same standing figure. A little after six o'clock several stalking figures also appeared; but they had no connection with the standing figure. I can assign no other reason for this apparition than that, though much more composed in my mind, I had not been able so soon entirely to forget the cause of such deep and distressing vexation, and had reflected on the consequences of it, in order, if possible, to avoid them; and that this happened three hours after dinner, at the time when the digestion just begins.

At length I became more composed with respect to the disagreeable incident which had given rise to the first apparition; but though I had used very excellent medicines, and found myself in other respects perfectly well, yet the apparitions did not diminish, but, on the contrary, rather increased in number, and were transformed in the most extraordinary manner. The figure of the deceased person never appeared to me after the first dreadful day; but several other persons showed themselves afterwards very distinctly. Sometimes they were such as I knew; mostly, however, they were such as I did not know. Amongst those known to me were semblances of both living and dead persons, but mostly the former. During this I observed that persons with whom I daily conversed never appeared to me as phantoms: it was always such as were at a distance.

It is also to be noted that these figures appeared to me at all times, and under the most different circumstances, equally distinct and clear, whether I was alone or in company, by broad daylight equally as in the night time, in my own as well as in my neighbour's house; yet, when I was at another person's house they were less frequent, and when I walked the public street they very seldom appeared. When I shut my eyes, sometimes the figures disappeared, sometimes on the contrary. If they vanished in the former case, on opening my eyes again nearly the same figures appeared which I had seen before.

I sometimes conversed with my physician and my wife concerning the phantasms which at the time hovered around me; for in general the forms appeared oftener in motion than at rest. They did not always continue present, frequently leaving me altogether, to reappear for a short or longer space of time, singly or more at once; but in general several appeared in company. For the most, I saw human figures of both sexes. They commonly passed to and fro, as if they had no connection with each other, like people at a fair where all is bustle. Sometimes they appeared to have business with one another. Once or twice I saw amongst them persons on horseback, and dogs and birds, these figures all appearing of their natural size as distinctly as if they had existed in real life, with the several tints on the uncovered parts of the body, and with all the different kinds and colours of clothes. I think, however, that the colours were somewhat paler than they are in nature. None of the figures had any distinguishing characteristic, being neither terrible, ludicrous, nor repulsive. Most of them were ordinary in their appearance—some even agreeable.

On the whole, the longer I continued in this state the more did the number of phantasms increase, and the apparitions became more frequent. About four weeks afterwards I began to hear them speak. Sometimes the phantasms spoke with one another, but for the most part they addressed themselves to me. The speeches were in general short, and never contained

anything disagreeable. Intelligent and respected friends often appeared to me, endeavouring to console me in my grief, which still left deep traces on my mind. This speaking I heard most frequently when I was alone, though I sometimes heard it in company, intermixed with the conversation of real persons, frequently in single phrases only, but sometimes even in connected discourse.

Though at this time I enjoyed rather a good state of health both in body and mind, and had become so very familiar with these phantasms that at last they did not excite the least disagreeable emotion, but, on the contrary, afforded me frequent subjects for amusement and mirth; yet as the disorder sensibly increased, and the figures appeared to me for whole days together, and even during the night if I happened to wake, I had recourse to several medicines, and was at last again obliged to have recourse to the application of leeches. This was performed on the 20th of April, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. I was alone with the surgeon, but during the operation the room swarmed with human forms of every description, which crowded fast one on another; this continued till half-past four o'clock, exactly at the time when the digestion commences. I then observed that the figures began to move more slowly; soon afterwards the colours became gradually paler; every seven minutes they lost more and more of their intensity, without any alteration in the distinct figure of the apparitions. At about half-past six o'clock all the figures were entirely white, and moved very little, yet the forms appeared perfectly distinct. By degrees they became visibly less plain, without decreasing in number, as had often formerly been the case. The figures did not move off, neither did they vanish, which also had usually happened on other occasions. In this instance they dissolved immediately into air; of some, even whole pieces remained for a length of time, which also by degrees were lost to the eye. At about eight o'clock there did not remain a vestige of any of them, and I have never since experienced any appearance of the same kind. Twice or thrice since that time I have felt a propensity, if I may be so allowed to express myself, or a sensation, as if I saw something which in a moment again was gone. I was even surprised by this sensation whilst writing the present account, having, in order to render it more accurate, perused the papers of 1791, and recalled to my memory all the circumstances of that time. So little are we sometimes—even in the greatest composure of mind—masters of our imagination.

Had I not been able to distinguish phantasms from phenomena, I must have been insane. Had I been fantastic or superstitious, I should have been terrified at my own phantasms, and probably might have been seized with some alarming disorder. Had I been attached to the marvellous, I should have sought to magnify my own importance by asserting that I had seen spirits; and who could have disputed the facts with me? The year 1791 would perhaps have been the time to have given importance to these apparitions. In this case, however, the advantage of sound philosophy and deliberate observation may be seen. Both prevented me from becoming either a lunatic or an enthusiast; for with nerves so strongly excited, and blood so quick in circulation, either misfortune might have easily befallen me. But I considered the phantasms that hovered around me as what they really were, namely, the effects of

disease; and I made them subservient to my observations because I consider observation and reflection as the basis of all rational philosophy."

THE RUINS OF MANDOO.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INDIAN HOLIDAY.

I HAD been stationed for a considerable time at Mhow, in Central India, and had become exceedingly tired of camp life and its monotony. Under such circumstances, a strong desire possessed me to get out of camp, away from the sound of bugle calls, and out of the bonds of station orders. Now, in a station like Mhow, the difficulty in such circumstances is simply this, to find somewhere to go. Mhow is out of the world, and from Mhow it takes a long time to get into the world. One cannot have a month at the seaside, or a month at the hills, from Mhow. Even now, when the railway has come within ninety-six miles, it is a hard place to find, and a hard place to leave; but at the time of which I am writing, the railway was some 260 miles off, and so Mhow was, save "on duty," almost unapproachable and unleaveable.

Still, a friend and I reasoned, there must be some place to go to, where one can enjoy a holiday, and so reasoning, we remembered having heard some friends speak in ecstasies of the ruins of Mandoo, and having come across an account of this city, in Sir John Malcolm's notes somewhere, and seen the place mentioned in Sir Thomas Roe's journal, under the title of "Mandoa," we determined on a week's run from Mhow to the site of this city of the past. In taking a holiday run in Central India everything needs to be provided for a gipsy campaign, so we took with us a small tent, provisions for a week, beds, cooking pots, etc., etc., packed on three ponies, and a bullock; and on a Monday morning dropped down the Agra and Bombay road two marches, to a place called Goojerie, a wild little village where there is a Government bungalow, or rest-house for travellers.

From the veranda of this bungalow the hill on which Mandoo is built is visible, rising to a great height on the right, and a quick eye can distinguish one of the ruinous gates of the city. By this gate it was our intention to enter next morning.

Before daybreak we were astir, and started to ascend the hill. The road leading up to the gate is a perfect goat track, so we had to hire a band of coolies to carry our goods and chattels to the summit. It is very delightful in India to feel one's self fairly off on an expedition like this, and we enjoyed our march on this occasion exceedingly. We led the way on horseback, through water-courses, some dry, and some most refreshingly full of running water, through bits of dense jungle, round wooded knolls, and up craggy steep; and our baggage ponies, led horses, servants, and coolies, carrying the more fragile baggage, came winding behind us. At length we reached a piece of ascent so abrupt and rugged that we had to dismount, and allow our horses to pick their steps for themselves, which they, with the sagacity of true Arabs, did like so many chamois. Such a road I never saw adventured before with horses, and I felt glad when they all safely reached the gateway.

After much groaning and yelling, the coolies deposited their loads at the top, and departed, leaving us in an upper world of our own, looking

down on a scene as fair as any man need desire to look on. We at once recognised the strength of Mandoo as a fortification, and understood how it came at first to be a stronghold for robber chieftains, and then the capital city of "Wild Malwa." Let not the reader expect that what met our eye was a ruined city like any they have imagined, that is, most likely, a confused mass of decayed buildings crowded together. What we saw was a great mountain table-land some twenty-four miles round, and of the most irregular form, and having on its surface miniature valleys, and mountain ranges, and several beautiful lakes. The table-land projects from the Vindhya range of hills, and is divided at all points but one from the plateau of Central India, and at this point is only connected by a narrow neck of rock, which makes the separating gorge somewhat shallower there than elsewhere. This is the only assailable point of Mandoo. The whole surface of the table-land is covered with jungle, sometimes developing itself into forest, and with here and there beautiful forest glades. Above the jungle trees, in whichever direction the bewildered spectator looks, are seen ruined buildings of every possible form, and in every stage of decay. On some neighbouring height you see the tracery of some alcove breaking the sky line. By the wayside you pass mounds of ruined houses, and here and there some public building of which the walls of stone are standing roofless. Crossing some ravine you find ruins of palaces and summer gardens. Suddenly you find yourself by some lake-side, in a perfect maze of ruins of the most picturesque description, crowded in the most fantastic forms, and half hidden by the dense Indian jungle. Wherever you turn your eye domes of tombs, and temples, and palaces in every stage of decay meet the eye, towering above the trees; some of them still clean, some fringed with long tufted grass, and some bearing aloft that foe of the Indian architect, the banyan-tree, which seems to love to send its roots down between the stones of buildings. The feelings which creep over one on first standing in the midst of a scene like this are almost indescribable. The place is well-nigh uninhabited. The only dwellers on the hill of Mandoo are a few Bheels, and some wretched religious mendicants. The former live by the chase, and by cultivating a few patches of ground, and pasturing a few cattle and goats; the latter live on the credulity of the people of the surrounding country, who come to make pilgrimages to certain tombs on the hill, and to worship in some ruined temples.

Except in the immediate neighbourhood of the only village on the plateau, we saw no one, save on one occasion, when a Bheel herdsman, armed with his primitive bow and arrows, came and watched us as we stalked some wild duck on a little lake. The place is one great hunting ground. Some of the finest tigers and leopards in India lurk in the ruins; odd-looking, rough-coated black bears rob bees' nests, and crack nuts in out-of-the-way ravines, and there are muggers, or Indian crocodiles, in one of the lakes, though how they got there is a mystery. Game of other kinds abounds, rock-grouse, partridges, teal, and wild duck in myriads. Nor must we omit to mention the splendid peacocks, and beautiful green pigeons, which fly in flocks, and are scarcely distinguishable from the bright green of the trees. There are monkeys innumerable about the place, and the amusement they afforded us was unlimited.

The whole hill is, in fact, a great naturalist's preserve.

While, however, much interested with all we saw, there was an indescribable serenity about the place, and a stillness which sunk into the soul. At one time we were so much struck with this, that, if I may be allowed to make a bull, without which I cannot describe what we did, we stood still to listen to the silence. As we did so, a sawn rose from a neighbouring pool, and sailed off, uttering its peculiar cry, which, like the whistle of the plover on the northern moors, speaks solitude itself. Standing, as we were, in the very centre of what had once been the proud and busy capital of an Indian kingdom, we could not but remember those magnificent descriptions of ruin which occur in the Old Testament prophecies; the graphic truthfulness and weird majesty of which never struck us so forcibly as now. We could not but think of the description of ruined Babylon in Isaiah xiii. 21, 22:—"Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged."

As the sun was setting, we arrived at the singular building which was to be our inn for two days, namely, the Jumma Musjid, the ruin of the great or "Friday Mosque." The builder of this mosque was Mahmud Kilji, the fourth King of Malwa, who reigned from 1435 to 1468 A.D., and of whom Ferishta says: "He was polite, brave, just, and learned."

Every one who goes to Mandoo lives in the mosque or in the tombs while there. We abode in the great entrance chamber of the mosque aforesaid. A lofty flight of sixteen steps led up to it. The interior is a square of forty-four feet, surmounted by a spacious dome, which is ornamented by carving and blue enamel. The eight windows of this apartment are filled with beautiful screen work. In a corner we deposited our traps, and made our bedroom and dining-room. Passing out of this entrance-chamber at the back we found ourselves in a great court-yard, which in ancient days was surrounded by beautiful colonnades three rows deep. Many of these have fallen, and one side of the court-yard is filled with rubbish; but the colonnades opposite the entrance, or on the west side of the mosque, are in fair preservation. This, being the side of the building next Mecca, was the portion devoted to worship. Under a fine dome stands almost uninjured the marble mimbar, or pulpit, facing the marble slab which indicates the direction of Mecca, towards which every true Mussulman must turn when he prays. There are many little marble stalls in the walls near the pulpit, which used to be the private chapels of the nobles of Mandoo; and the marble throne used by the king when he came to pray is still uninjured. On the opposite of the street from this mosque is the ruined college, which also owed its origin to Mahmud Kilji, and behind it a mound of ruin—all that remains of the famous minaret which was once seven stories high, and told the tale of a great victory gained by the King of Malwa over the Arung of Chittore.

We visited also the famous mausoleum of Shah Hushang Ghoree, the second King of Malwa, who died about 1431; or in the reign of James the First of Scotland. This is a magnificent block of building,

of marble, and contains a fine chamber, in which are the tombs proper. The mausoleum is in the centre of a large gravel-yard thronged with Mussulman tombs.

Next morning we started to visit the ruins of the Jahaz Mahal, the "water" or "ship palace;" so called from its neighbourhood to a fine lake. This palace forms part of a group of ruins so vast as to be perfectly bewildering, especially as the overgrowth of jungle helps to increase the confusion. It stands on an artificial mound between two lakes, both of which are surrounded by ruins in every possible stage of decay, and of every conceivable form. Here you have a great block of building covered with trees; there you have an Italian-looking ruin with terraces, pillars, cornices, and arches running out into the water. Again, you have an island-house, with gardens which seem to float on the clear water; or a long terraced walk, and a sheltering wall with flights of broad steps leading down to the water's edge. Far beyond you see the undulating surface of the hill of Mandoo, and down the gorge, some fifteen hundred feet below, the valley of Nimar, and the long reaches of the Nerbudda river. The names of the palaces which lie in decay about these two lakes are preserved. There is the Taweli Mahal, the Champa Baoli, the Hindola Mahal, the Mukki Mahal, etc., etc. One most singular feature of this group of buildings is that they all have underground apartments which communicated with each other. Even yet you can pass for long distances, if you are not afraid of meeting a tiger or a leopard, by the corridors of this underground portion of the palaces. There are cool grots, spacious bathing-rooms, and marble swimming-baths of every kind, far under the surface. Such were the luxurious habits of these Mussulman barbarians in days of old!

We were intensely disgusted to find that the Rajah of Dhar was pulling down some of the finest pieces of this group of ruins, that he might burn the limestone, of which they are largely built, into quick-lime for use at Dhar. We saw fine pieces of sculptured pillars and cornices, broken up and laid in layers with timber, in the lime-kilns ready for burning. It was enough to make an antiquarian's blood boil with indignation.

Of many other excursions to points of interest over the hill we can only instance one, which we enjoyed as much as any, viz., that to Baz Bahadur's palace, and the neighbouring tomb of Roop Muttee. This palace is about seven miles from the mosque, as far as we could guess, that is, for we idled along the road as we went to it, now to explore a ruin, now to seize a point of view, again to stalk game of some kind, and yet again to watch the irrepressible monkeys. It was while loitering here that we had a most amusing interview with a monkey. We had left our horses, and got into a dense bit of forest, that my companion might get a shot at some green pigeons. While he was stalking them, I stood a little way off, with only a dog-whip in my hand. By-and-by a troop of monkeys noticed my companion, but did not observe me, and one of the biggest of them came down from the trees and commenced watching, and mimicking the sportsman in the most extraordinary style. My companion was not above five-and-twenty yards off, and was working across where I was standing. The monkey got in a line with him, and advanced with him, grimacing, vapouring, and assuming the attitudes he did, till

he came so near me that I could have laid my whip across his shoulders. The whole scene was irresistibly ludicrous—the sportsman unconscious of the presence of the monkey, and the monkey ignorant of my presence. Just as I was on the point of going off into fits of laughter, a monkey in the trees signalled me to the stalking monkey, and he turned round and saw me, when he made off in style which would have made Diogenes go into fits of laughter. This monkey must have been nearly five feet high, and was one of those which have tails longer than their bodies. There are hundreds of them on the hills in Central India.

By-and-by we reached the palace, which is situated at the head of a beautiful forest glade, which might have been part of a deer park in England, so fine were the trees, and so green the grass. There is a fairy tale attached to this palace which it behoves us here to tell. Baz Bahadur was one day out hunting with his train, when he heard a damsel singing an Indian ditty in a grove. He was so struck with the beauty of her voice and appearance, that he wished at once to make her his consort, and take her to Mandoo. The damsel did not at first relish the idea of becoming a queen at Mandoo, so she put her royal suitor off by telling him that when the Nerbudda, which flowed on its way in the valley some fifteen hundred feet below, should flow through Mandoo, she would consent. As the story goes, a river god told the prince to go to a particular spot on the hill, and find a tamarisk-tree, and dig there, when water from the Nerbudda would flow out. It was done, and a spring was found. Roop Muttee came to Mandoo, and her royal husband built her a palace, close to the spring, which he enclosed in a beautiful basin of carved stone, and brought by an aqueduct into the palace. This fountain, surrounded with beautiful flowering shrubs, still remains, and the palace is that which we visited. On a hill behind the palace is the beautiful tomb of Roop Muttee. It stands on the very edge of the precipice which sustains the plateau, and the view from it is truly splendid. Nimar lies at your feet. The Nerbudda gleams like silver here and there in the plain, as it winds along. The wildest jungle and the most fertile plains are mingled in picturesque confusion, and in the background the Satpoora range of hills sinks into purple distance. On the height the coolest breezes blow, and we could have sat there for hours feasting on the view, had we not been obliged to return to the mosque by the approach of night.

We returned to Mhow by a different route, which occupied us two days. We left the city by the Delhi gate, which is a very celebrated piece of Indian architecture. After a most picturesque ride through Nalcha, famous in Sir John Malcolm's time, and where he ousted a tigress and her cubs from a ruined house which he wished to refit and occupy, we arrived all right and much refreshed in Mhow.

We should remark before closing this meagre sketch of what we saw at Mandoo, that the city ceased to be a capital when the Gujerathis conquered Malwa about 1530, A.D. Seven kings had reigned in the mountain city for one hundred and twenty-nine years. Malwa became part of Gujerat for a time. The succeeding history is easily told. In 1560 Akbar Padsha of Delhi overran Malwa and took possession of Mandoo. It became almost a ruin, and was deserted by almost all its inhabitants; but about 1614 Jehangir

of Delhi took such a fancy to the place (and no wonder, for a more picturesque spot there is not on the surface of this fair earth) that he proceeded to rebuild the city, and lived there for seventeen months. But the Affghan dynasty was doomed. New troubles rose every year. The wild Mahratta hordes began to assert their power. They streamed up the passes of the Vindhya into Central India, and finally planted the Mahratta standard as far north as Gwalior. Mandoo fell to the lot of the Powar family of Dhar, one of the then great Mahratta chiefs, and being unsuited for his capital, gradually sank, till it became an utter ruin, such as we have seen it. So kings and their great cities rise and fall.

Scenes induce different trains of thought in different people's minds. The thoughts that were most present in our minds while exploring the ruins of Mandoo had reference to the religious condition of the races which at different times had made it their abode. Here was a ruined city in whose streets, while it was a busy capital, the voice of the evangelist never declared the truth of God. Hindu idolatry gave place to Mohammedanism, and Mohammedanism gave way for Hinduism, but the truth of God never found a preacher, never made a disciple. Is not the thought a sad one?

But when wandering about the hills of Mandoo there were thoughts connected with the present religious state of the district which pressed on us forcibly. We were among the Bheels, among their corn patches and pasture grounds, and hunting grounds, and could not but remember that amid all the missionary work that is going on no one was preaching the gospel to them as a tribe. In fact, the whole district is without any missionary effort. Not only are the Bheels uncared for by the churches, but in the whole of that vast district which stretches from Hoshungabad and Malligaun, where the Church Missionary Society has stations, to Ajmeer, where the United Presbyterians of Scotland labour, and from the neighbourhood of Baroda to Gwalior, there are no missionaries at work, save a few Roman Catholics at Bhopal. Let any one look at a map of India, and see the meaning of this sad fact.

But it is of the Bheels that we would especially speak now. There seem great facilities in the way of a special mission to these hill men. They are a fine and contented race; men of good physical development, and approachable. They have evinced great readiness in appreciating the endeavours of those British officials who, under the title of "Bheel Agents," have been sent by Government to dwell among them, train them as soldiers, and see to their general interests. They have by the kindly influence of these gentlemen been transformed from "rovers" into very good subjects, and even now the Government has had opportunity of showing that they are to be depended on as active and orderly policemen. From what we have seen of them, and from inquiries which have been made regarding their mental and social condition, they are ripe to receive a mission. They are not bigots. Their religion is more woodland superstition than any form of Brahminism. They are very ignorant, but glad to be taught, and on one occasion when we sent a Bible colporteur out into the districts near Mandoo, many of them heard what he had to say with interest. They have, as may be supposed, no literature, and they speak a peculiar dialect of their own, and have a form of writing in common with many other hill tribes whose abodes

are from the Nerbudda up through the Vindhya hills, and through Megwar and Marwar. But we believe that there will speedily issue from the Bible press at Beawr an edition of the Word of God, which will be of great use in bringing the truths of salvation within their reach. There would also be facilities of another kind in commencing a mission among the Bheels. In the districts they inhabit are fine healthy and cheap stations, already occupied by Europeans. Will none of the missionary societies send a messenger to these interesting hill men?

GLEANINGS FROM SCOTT.

OLD AGE AND ITS USES.

"HALBERT," said the old man, "you will never live to have white hair if you take fire thus at every spark of provocation."

"And why should I wish it, old man," said Halbert, "if I am to be the butt that every fool may aim a shaft of scorn against? What avails it, old man, that you yourself move, sleep, and wake, eat thy niggard meal, and repose on thy hard pallet? Why art thou so well pleased that the morning should call thee up to daily toil, and the evening again lay thee down a wearied-out wretch? Were it not better sleep and wake no more, than to undergo this dull exchange of labour for insensibility, and of insensibility for labour?"

"God help me," answered Martin, "there may be truth in what thou sayest,—but walk slower, for my old limbs cannot keep pace with your young legs,—walk slower, and I will tell you why age, though unlovely, is yet endurable. . . . Know, my good Halbert, whom I love as my own son, that I am satisfied to live till death calls me, because my Maker wills it. Ay, and though I spend what men call a hard life, pinched with cold in winter, and burnt with heat in summer, though I feed hard and sleep hard, and am held mean, and despised, yet I bethink me that were I of no use on the face of this fair creation, God would withdraw me from it."

"Thou poor old man," said Halbert, "and can such a vain conceit of thy fancied use reconcile thee to a world where thou playest so poor a part?"

"My part was nearly as poor," said Martin, "my person nearly as much despised, the day that I saved my mistress and her child from perishing in the wilderness."

"Right, Martin," answered Halbert; "there indeed thou didst what might be a sufficient apology for a whole life of insignificance."

"And do you account it for nothing, Halbert, that I should have the power of giving you a lesson of patience and submission to the destinies of Providence? Methinks there is use for the grey hairs on the old scalp, were it but to instruct the green head by precept and by example."—*The Monastery.*

AFFLICTION.

THERE are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity; there are those, too, who have heard its "still small voice" amid rural leisure and placid contentment. But, perhaps, the knowledge which causeth not to err is most frequently impressed upon the mind during seasons of affliction; and tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of Heaven to spring and take root in the human breast.—*The Monastery.*

SUBMISSION.

"O my child, before you run on danger, let me hear you but say, His will be done!"

"Urge me not, mother—not now." He was rushing out, when, looking back, he observed his grandmother make a mute attitude of affliction. He returned hastily, threw himself into her arms, and said, "Yes, mother, I can say His will be done, since it will comfort you."

"May He go forth—may He go forth with you, my dear bairn, and, O may He give you cause to say on your return, His name be praised!"

(The lost one is recovered.)

"I am the happiest man," said Hobbie, throwing himself down on a seat,—*"I am the happiest man in the world!"*

"Then, O my dear bairn," said the good old dame, who lost

no opportunity of teaching her lessons of religion at those moments when the heart was best open to receive it,—*"Then, O my son, give praise to Him that brings smiles out o' tears, and joy out o' grief, as He brought light out o' darkness, and the world out o' naething. Was it not my word, that if ye could say His will be done, ye might hae cause to say His name be praised?"*

"It was—it was your word, grannie; and I do praise Him for His mercy, and for leaving me a good parent when my ain were gane, that puts me in mind to think of Him baith in happiness and distress!"—*The Black Dwarf.*

PRAYER AND PATIENCE.

THE act of devotion had its usual effect in composing the spirits which had been long harassed by so rapid a succession of calamities. The sincere and earnest approach of the Christian to the throne of the Almighty teaches the best lesson of patience under affliction; since wherefore should we mock the Deity with supplications, when we insult Him by murmuring under His decrees? or how, while our prayers have, in every word admitted the vanity and nothingness of the things of time in comparison to those of eternity, should we hope to deceive the Searcher of Hearts, by permitting the world and worldly passions to reassume the reins even immediately after a solemn address to Heaven?—*The Talisman.*

KIND ACTIONS REPAID.

THE Mohammedans have a fanciful idea that the true believer, in his passage to Paradise, is under the necessity of passing barefooted over a bridge composed of red-hot iron. But on this occasion all the pieces of paper which the Moslem has preserved during his life, lest some holy thing being written upon them might be profaned, arrange themselves between his feet and the burning metal, and so save him from injury. In the same manner, the effects of kind and benevolent actions are sometimes found, even in this world, to assuage the pangs of subsequent afflictions.—*The Surgeon's Daughter.*

NIGHT FLOWERS AMONG RUINS.

"WE shall be better here than down below: the air's free and mild, and the savour of the wallflowers, and siccan shrubs as grow on thae ruined wa's, is far mair refreshing than the damp smell down below yonder. They smell sweetest by night-time thae flowers, and they're maist aye seen about ruined buildings. Now, Maister Lovel, can ony o' your scholars gie a gude reason for that?" Lovel replied in the negative. "I am thinking," resumed the beggar, "that they'll be like mony folk's gude gifts, that often seem maist gracious in adversity—or may be it's a parable, to teach us no' to slight them that are in the darkness of sin and the decay of tribulation, since God sends odours to refresh the mirkest hour, and flowers and pleasant shrubs to clothe the ruined buildings."—*Antiquary.*

MOTTOES.

THE scraps of poetry which have been in most cases tacked to the beginning of chapters in these novels, are sometimes quoted either from reading or from memory, but in the general case are pure invention. I found it too troublesome to turn to the collection of the British Poets to discover apposite mottoes, and in the situation of the theatrical machinist, who when the white paper which represented his shower of snow was exhausted, continued the storm by snowing brown, I drew on my memory as long as I could, and when that failed, eked it out with invention. Oct. 1st, 1827.—*Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate.*

[Strengthened by this confession on the part of him who best knew the real state of the case, we are justified in presenting, among "Gleanings from Scott," some of those mottoes introduced by him under the name of extracts from "Old Plays," which we may assume to be inventions of his own brain until the contrary can be proved. Many of them are noble specimens of blank verse, and the lines from Castle Dangerous have a peculiar interest, not only from their own high poetic beauty, but as the author's testimony, when near the close of his life, to the value of that discipline of adversity by which his later years were so severely tried.]

VALUE OF TIME.

Nay, dally not with Time, the wise man's treasure ;
Though fools are lavish on't—the fatal Fisher
Hooks souls, while we waste moments !

Old Play (Monastery).

ONE THING AND MANY THINGS.

Things needful we have thought on ; but the thing
Of all most needful—that which Scripture terms,
As if alone it merited regard,
The ONE thing needful—that's yet unconsider'd.

The Chamberlain (Fortunes of Nigel).

REMORSE.

It comes—it wings me in my parting hour,
The long-hid crime—the well-disguised guilt.
Bring me some holy priest to lay the spectre !

Old Play (St. Roman's Well).

PROGRESS OF EVIL.

We are not worst at once. The course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay ;
But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy—
Ay, and religion too—shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong torrent.

Old Play (Fortunes of Nigel).

TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.

High o'er the eastern steep the sun is beaming,
And darkness flies with her deceitful shadows ;—
So truth prevails o'er falsehood.

Old Play (Kenilworth).

WORKINGS OF CONSCIENCE.

DEEDS are done on earth
Which have their punishment e'er the earth closes
Upon the perpetrators. Be it the working
Of the remorse-stirred fancy, or the vision,
Distinct and real, of unearthly being,
All ages witness, that beside the couch
Of the fell homicide oft stalks the ghost
Of him he slew, and shows the shadowy wound.

Old Play (Woodstock).

THE SORROWS OF THE AGED.

Tell me not of it, friend. When the young weep
Their tears are lukewarm brine ; from our old eyes
Sorrow falls down like haildrops of the North,
Chilling the furrows of our withered cheeks ;
Cold as our hopes, and hardened as our feeling.
Theirs, as they fall, sink sightless—ours recoil,
Heap the fair plain, and bleaken all before us.

Old Play (Antiquary).

THE CALL OF DEATH.

Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches us
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,
From all our toys and baubles. His rough call
Unlooses all our favourite ties on earth ;
And well if they are such as may be answered
In yonder world where all is judged of truly.

Old Play (Fortunes of Nigel).

CHRISTIAN COMPASSION.

How fares the man on whom good men would look
With eyes where scorn and censure combated,
But that kind Christian love hath taught the lesson
That they who merit most contempt and hate,
Do most deserve our pity.

Old Play (Fortunes of Nigel).

LIFE'S DISCIPLINE.

The way is long, my children, long and rough ;
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark ;
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskilled save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath missed the discipline of noble hearts.

Old Play (Castle Dangerous).

Varieties.

SIR JAMES OUTRAM.—As a type of the Indian officer, no brighter, no more remarkable example can be found. Humble as was his opinion of his own merits, he never shrank from doing that which he believed to be his duty. An enemy alike of everything that was base and mean, and of everything that he considered overbearing or tyrannical, he never shrank from giving expression to those feelings and opinions. Feared, but still more beloved by the natives, he advocated their rights and claims in every matter which he believed not to be inconsistent with the honour and true interests of the Indian Empire. In war fearless in action, but clear in judgment ; in diplomacy conciliatory and skilful ; as an administrator firm, independent, and just ; he united all the merits of the civilian and soldierlike elements which are so often combined in the Indian service. Well did he deserve that epithet which was applied to him by one of those whom he had opposed the most—“the Bayard of the Indian army, without fear and without reproach ;” and still more did he deserve the character given of him in an address presented on his return to this country, that “it was by such men as he that our Indian Empire had been built up, and it was by such men as he that our Indian Empire must be preserved.”

AN ANCIENT TICHBORNE CASE.—There is a curious parallel in Roman history to the romantic trial which is exciting so much interest. Sextus, the heir of a noble family at Rome, had escaped from the ruin of his house under Commodus, by giving out that he had died. It became known that a ram had been burned in his stead at the funeral ; and several persons suffered on suspicion, but his true fate was never ascertained. After the Emperor's death a claimant appeared for the rank and fortune of the missing nobleman. His appearance answered to that of Sextus, and he satisfied many persons of his identity by his replies to their questions. Pertinax, however, decided against him on account of his want of education. He had “forgotten his Greek,” and was ignorant of philosophy, to which the whole Quintilian family had been evidently devoted. He is, therefore, considered an impostor by Dion Cassius, though it is possible that in nine precarious years of danger and disguise he may have unlearned the language, while he practised the lessons of his early studies.—*Correspondent of “Spectator.”*

LIVERPOOL TO CHICAGO.—The direct route between England and the United States of America by the St. Lawrence promises to be now regularly employed. Last year a steamer laden with grain went straight through to Liverpool, and this summer a steamer laden with dry goods reached Chicago wharf from Liverpool in twenty-three days. This is a shorter time than the usual course of shipping to New York, besides avoiding the extortions of the New York custom-house, and the heavy freight by canal or rail afterwards.

LUNATICS.—There were in England and Wales, at the beginning of 1871, 56,755 insane persons of all classes, besides 200 found insane by inquisition, residing elsewhere than in public asylums or licensed houses. Of the patients in asylums, 6,454 were of the private class, and 50,301 paupers. The total is larger by 2,042 than at the beginning of 1870, and amounts to 2·49 per thousand enumerated at the census of 1871. These statistics do not include insane persons residing with or maintained by relatives without payment or profit.—*Report of Commissioners in Lunacy.*

BRITISH COURTESY TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.—An American trading brig, arrived at Boston from the Mediterranean, reported that on passing through the Straits of Gibraltar she met the British Mediterranean squadron coming out. The British vessels separated into starboard and port divisions, the brig passing between them. As they steamed by, each man-of-war slipped her ensign, fired one gun, and the bands played American airs.

CHINESE OFFICIAL PAPERS.—It seems a mistake that we do not in some measure try, by noticing the Chinese official manner of doing things, to command more respect in China. It is well known that all Chinese passports are documents of great size. Those given by officials corresponding to the rank of our consuls, are scarcely ever less than eighteen inches square, printed in large type, and look very imposing, while the British passport is about as large as small-sized letter paper, printed in small type—a saving of paper doubtless ; but if they were printed on Chinese paper six times as large, they would perhaps not cost one quarter as much as on English paper, and would appear in the eyes of the Chinese respectable documents.—*Cooper's Travels in China.*